

DOCTOR • WHO

THE POISON PLANET

PART ONE

Death's Door.

A small, remote planet on the edge of the Bromid System, *avoided* by every space-faring civilisation in this sector of the galaxy. Its atmosphere is *toxic*...

No-one comes here. Not if they want to *live*.

My spacesuit's *punctured*! I'm going to *die*!

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

The air's getting in - *toxic gas* - uurgggghh!

It's *too late* for me - but...

WEEP!
WEEP!
WEEP!

In the Space-Time Vortex...

WEEP!
WEEP!
WEEP!

Hello - that doesn't sound *good*...

That's a *Mayday* - a call for *help*. Someone's in *trouble* - the question is... where?

Soon...

According to the TARDIS, this is planetoid KX77. Not exactly a beauty spot. In fact, it's positively *lethal*. Poisonous atmosphere, acid fog, severe storms. It's not known as Death's Door for *nothing*...

... and this is where the *distress signal* came from, all right.

And *this* must be the poor chap who sent the Mayday call. The distress signal is still going strong, but he's little more than a *skeleton*...

His spacesuit must have been punctured and the *corrosive air* has found its way *inside*. Nasty way to go.

Dr Kaleb Loss - a research scientist from the *Institute For Exo-Contamination Treatment*. They find cures for all kind of alien diseases...

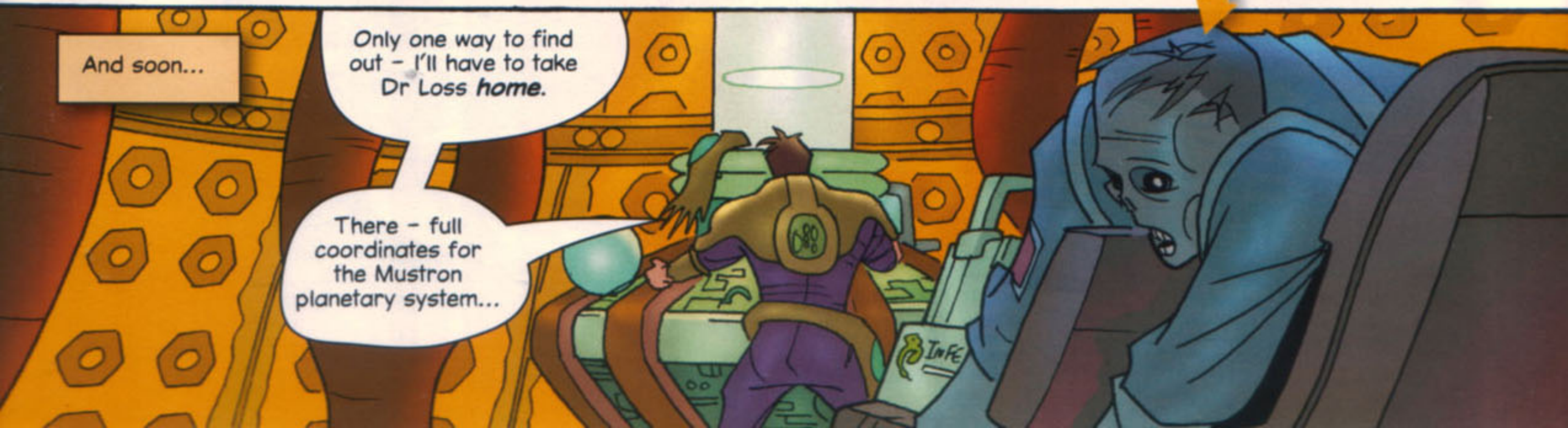
But *InFECT* is based light years from here. And what's in that sample canister?



And soon...

Only one way to find out - I'll have to take Dr Loss *home*.

There - full coordinates for the Mustron planetary system...



The TARDIS arrives on Mustron V...

Here we are - **Mustron V**. Another of the galaxy's less charming spots. And there's a **forcefield** in operation around the InFECT base, preventing the TARDIS from landing *inside*.

VWORP!

VWORP!

Looks like we'll have to do this the **hard way**, Kaleb old son...

These clever **fungal growths** must've found a way to survive with no air. And the low gravity allows them to grow into some brilliant shapes...



Y'know, I really miss having someone to talk to. All this excitement and wonder, and no one to share it with...

And no offence, Kaleb, but you don't really count. I mean, I can talk to you all right... but it's a bit one-sided.

Anyway, here we are. No doorbell in sight, so I'll have to use my **own** special key.

Vreeeeeeeee!

Shhhhhhhhhhp!

Hello! Anyone home?

Inside the base...

Well, it's all *very quiet* here. Worryingly quiet. The sort of quiet that makes me want to stick my nose in...

According to the base computer, there should be five active team members here. Without Kaleb Loss, that leaves four scientists. But where are they?

This place is *deserted*.

Unless the research team is planning a *surprise party* and they're all *hiding* in here.

Hello? Anyone there?

Well, *someone's* in here. I'm picking up *life readings*.

Come on out, I know you're in here...!

RRRAAAA RRRRGGHHHHH!



Whoops!

EEEEEE000000WWWWW!

FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENS TO THE
DOCTOR NEXT
WEEK!